Alfred J. Waterman
Redland, Bristol
1903.

"Shortly after the election [1774] a satire was published entitled "The Consultation, A Mock Heroick Poem," written by James Thistlethwaite, who had served an apprenticeship to a stationer in Corn Street, and claimed to be a friend of Chatterton. The author appears to have been utterly destitute of principle, but he was a not unskilful imitator of the style of Churchill, and excelled that master of invective in the vulgarity of his abuse! There are strong reasons for asserting that Thistlethwaite, after printing the book in which upwards of a hundred Tory citizens were libelled, endeavoured to wring money out of his victims by offering to suppress it if he were compensated for his trouble. His trick meeting with slender success, the satire was published, and as personalities are always agreeable to certain minds, it had a rapid sale; & the slanderer jubilantly produced a second edition, with additional vituperation. A copy of the original pamphlet annotated by Mr. Richard Smith, of gossipping fame, is in the Jefferies Collection. Some of the notes are amusing. Thus, in a reference to Sir Abraham Isaac Elton, the town clerk, Mr. Smith alleges that it was said the corporate functionary was all jaw and no law, while one Vernon, a contemporary local barrister, was described as all law and no jaw, & Rowles Scudamore, judge of the sheriff's court, neither law nor jaw. Speaking of Daniel Harvey, collector of Customs, Smith says he was "formerly a medical man on board a slave ship." - As to Henry Burgum, the pewterer, to whom Thistlethwaite dedicated the satire in -

vilifying terms, the note-maker states that twenty men whom Burgum brought up to vote for Cruger and Burke were decorated by him with pewter hats. Thistlethwaite, who walked about "with the butt ends of two horse pistols peeping out of his coat pockets," produced another lampoon in 1775, styled "The Tories in the Dumps", savagely commenting on the failure of the election petition.

× The author afterwards removed to London, where he was for some years a hack to booksellers and law stationers"

× × × ×

At the election of 1780 "the scurrilous Thistlethwaite seized the occasion to produce another local satire, entitled "Corruption, a Mock Heroick," but the work, although as virulent as its forerunners, was treated with deserved neglect".

"Annals of Bristol in the 18th Cenly"
Latimer.

The following extract is copied from Mr. G. E. Weares "Edmund Burke's connection with Bristol, from 1774 till 1780"

"Shortly after the election [1774] two very remarkable poetical effusions bearing distinct traces of the style of Churchill, were published by James Thistlethwaite. They were of a scurrilous nature, & singularly illustrative of the license allowed at the period, to those who were inclined to indulge in personalities. Thistlethwaite, a former resident of Bristol, × was, at the date of the election residing at Little Newport Street, Soho, and was following the trade of a book-binder. It seems certain that he was under the impression that he had some "old scores" to pay to certain Bristol

citizens; and the proceedings at the election were apparently seized upon with a view not only to gratify a spirit of revenge for some real or fancied grievance, but to make the victims contribute what people in these days would call blackmail. It was well known to Thistlethwaite, that a very rum purse-proud person named Henry Burgum, a rich pewterer, then in partnership with Catcott, at "2 Bridge Foot" [Bristol Bridge Parade] had been one of the earliest victims of Chatterton's precocious genius. With a keen insight of human nature, the youth had made a shrewd guess that it would be possible to obtain a few shillings from Mr. Henry Burgum, an important local personage, by representing to him that he was descended from an ancient family - the de Berghems. Accordingly, Chatterton produced to Burgum a pedigree, which he alleged had been discovered among the old documents preserved in the ancient church of St. Mary Redcliffe. The bait took, and the boy received his reward. Thistlethwaite commenced his "Mock Heroic in four cantos" with an "Epistle dedicatory to Henry Burgum Esqr., Lord of the Manor of Glastonbury, &c." with the following addition "We great men love to be called by our titles (Hway.)" Burgum was held up to ridicule in the dedication, but he was only one of a very large number who suffered from Thistlethwaite's scurvulous production. But the unfortunate Burgum was apparently still further victimized by a rumour that the work had been dedicated to him with his consent. Thereupon advertisements were inserted in the local papers, in which he declared he was not made acquainted with the work till after the publication thereof, and an intimation was given that he would take steps to stop the publication. There is very little doubt that Burgum "bought up"

all the copies he could find – (a copy of the first edition is very rarely met with.) The work soon passed into a second edition and Thistlethwaite found it so profitable that he issued another pamphlet entitled "The Tories in the Dumps." On this occasion the chief sufferers from his venomous pen, were Matthew Brickdale the defeated candidate, and Henry Burgum, but a considerable number of citizens were lampooned. It was stated at the time that Thistlethwaite walked about the city with the butt ends of pistols protruding from his pockets. A writer in the Bristol Journal described the first production as "the most infamous, gross, and vilest libel that ever disgraced the press." At the present time, the publication taken as a whole, would be regarded as "unprintable matter." In connection with these publications however, we must in fairness not forget that most disgraceful personalities were indulged in by the other side.

In writing to Champion on the 10th of January 1775, as to the draft of a petition to the House of Commons, Burke casually refers to Thistlethwaite's first publication. He acknowledged that there were "a great many good verses in his poem," adding, "if he is too rough a player, he is a player against our adversary, but, as I judge by his preface not on our part. At any rate it is certainly not right in you to encourage such things: but then it is not necessary you should be anxious about these publications. You do not direct. I do not find that the other party has ever made an apology for any of their scurilities."

11659 bb 46
1-2

THE CONSULTATION.

A

MOCK HEROIC,

In Three CANTOS.

By JAMES THISTLETHWAITE.

Ibant obscura solas sub nocte per umbras,
Perque Domos Ditis.

VIRGIL. ÆN. Lib. 6.

BRISTOL:

Printed in the YEAR M.DCC.LXXIV.

all the copies he could find – (a copy of the first edition is very rarely met with.) The work soon passed into a second edition and Thistlethwaite found it so profitable that he issued another pamphlet entitled "The Furies in the Dumps." On this occasion the chief sufferers from his venomous pen, were Matthew Brickdale the defeated candidate, and Henry Burgum, but a considerable number of citizens were lampooned. It was stated at the time that Thistlethwaite walked about the city with the butt ends of pistols protruding from his pockets. A writer in the Bristol Journal described the first production as "the most infamous, gross, and vilest libel that ever disgraced the press." At the present time, the publication taken as a whole, would be regarded as "unprintable matter." In connection with these publications however, we must in fairness, not forget that most disgraceful personalities were indulged in by the other side.

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Perque Domos Ditis.

VIRGIL. ÆN. Lib. 6.

BRISTOL:

Printed in the YEAR M.DCC.LXXIV.

To Mr. HENRY BURGUM.

SIR,

THE many ſcurrilous and inflammatory publications ſo liberally diſtributed during the courſe of the late tedious Election, fabricated with a view to weaken the cauſe of a certain popular Candidate, ſeemed to demand a reply ſufficiently explicit to ſerve at once as a full retaliation due to the illiberality of their invective, as alſo to preſent the public at the ſame time, with a characterestic and comprehenſive delineation of the many *virtues* and *qualifications* ſo conſpicuouſly inherent in the agents and ſupporters of the gentleman in the oppoſition.

How far I may be pronounced as having aſſiſted towards the execution of ſo neceſſary a taſk, I muſt leave to the ſuperior judgment of the public; to them I appeal, and on their determination reſt the merits of the following poem.

From the impartial and judicious I have nothing to fear. The firſt view will ſufficiently convince *them*, that I have attended leſs to poetical embelliſhments, than to that juſtice of deſcription which I flatter myſelf the characters in a great meaſure poſſeſs.

As to what may be the opinion of thoſe weak minds, whoſe enmity I may incur through partial animoſity or the rage of party; I have only to obſerve, that

their judgment will affect me as little as their hate. I deſpiſe the one, I laugh at the other.

Of you, Sir, I have to beg pardon, for having thus taken the liberty of prefixing your name to a piece, without having previouſly undergone the ceremony of requeſting your conſent. How you may be inclined to paſs over this inſtance of my freedom I know not: but without endeavouring to exculpate myſelf, I ſhall leave the event to the determination of your good-nature, from which, I hope, I ſhall be juſtified if I declare my expectation of receiving a favourable verdict.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

The AUTHOR.

THE CONSULTATION.

CANTO First.

THE clock ſtruck twelve: the buſy world at reſt;
Laughter, invention, argument and jeſt,
Were heard no more:—Repos'd lay old and young,
Clos'd every eye, and ſilent every tongue.—
Sleep in her ſilken bands had all things tied,
All but the *few* whom diſappointed Pride
Urg'd on to madneſs: *ſuch* with troubled mind,
Nor eaſe could know, nor balmy ſleep could find.
Perplex'd with thought profound, here PARTY lay,
Told the dull hours, and languiſh'd for the day;
Reſtleſs and pale, all comfort ſhe defied,
Whilſt wild Deſpair ſat weeping by her ſide.

Swift from her downey couch the goddeſs flew,
And round her weary limbs her veſtments threw:
From *Clifton*'s rocky eminence ſhe paſs'd,
To *Brandon*'s lofty hill, and ſtood aghaſt,
Leſt other *Cromwell*'s ſhould hereafter riſe,
To pluck Corruption headlong from the ſkies.
Next o'er th' extended *Green* her courſe ſhe ſteer'd,
To where CLARE-STREET, in capitals appear'd;
Where both our ſhame and folly are diſplay'd,
The *ſubſtance* ſlighted; why retain the *ſhade?*
At length that ſpot her roving eye commands,
Where *Becket*'s clumſy God on *tip-toe* ſtands,
Where Commerce from her temple knits her brow,
And ſmiles contemptuous on her ſons below.

Here PARTY gaz'd, irreſolutely vain,
Paſſion like wild-fire raging in her brain;
With quick ſhort ſtep ſhe pac'd it to and fro,
Now madly faſt, now tremulouſly ſlow,
By turns and ſtarts irregularly wild;—
In form a woman, but in ſenſe a child.

Rous'd

Rous'd from her mental ſlumbers by thoſe ſtings
Which memory to diſappointment brings;
Collected in herſelf the goddeſs ſtood
Her voice like thunder cleav'd the neighbouring flood;
Earth ſhook amaz'd, and *Avon*'s muddy tide,
Thro' her contracted channel ceas'd to glide.

" Children (ſhe ſaid) your mother's lore attend;
" If not your mother,—O regard your friend!
" Shake off that gloom, that melancholly air,
" Nor let the foe thus witneſs your deſpair.
" *What tho' the field be loſt* :—ALL *is not loſt!*—
" Tho' on the ſea of *Patriotiſm* toſt,
" We yet may triumph, even in deſpight,
" Of freedom, juſtice, truth and legal right.
" O then attend! your preſence I implore;
" Ariſe! Ariſe!—or ſleep for evermore!"

As when ſome boy, his appetite awake,
Would from the cell, the luſcious honey take;
The ſwarm enrag'd, make bare their ſtings to drive,
The truant *Cacus* trembling from their hive;

Arm'd

Arm'd with reſentment for the fight prepare,
Buz out revenge, and darken all the air.
So from all parts the grief-ſtruck brethren throng,
Mourn their hard fates and madly drive along.
Low hireling bullies led by *H-yth---e* came.
And *Jemmy H-ghs* (good lack!) brought up the *lame*;
The weaker minds whoſe manſion Reaſon fled
Deck'd with a cap and bells, lo *W---tl-y* led!
Whilſt ſlaves in theory and ſlaves to pride,
Choſe the degenerate *W-rn-r* for their guide.
Pleas'd at her vaſt ſucceſs the goddeſs ſmil'd,
And drunk with joy, her little wits grew wild;
Extravagantly mad ſhe wav'd her creſt,
—Cried thrice—"*O yes!*" and thus the mob addreſs'd.
" If perſeverence in a rotten cauſe,
" Claim any merit or deſerve applauſe,
" That praiſe my ſons be yours; to you belong,
" The double gifts of minſtrilſey and ſong;
" To you whoſe conduct ſomewhat rare implies
" Perverſely great, and obſtinately wiſe.

" O had

" O had but Fate indulgent to our pray'r
" Crown'd our endeavours with her wonted care,
" Had ſhe again eſpous'd our ancient claim,
" And taught the *Whigs* to tremble at our name ;
" How had we triumph'd !—as the thought prevails
" My ſenſes ſtagger, and my reaſon fails.
" But tho' my ſons not Fortune deign'd to crown
" The glorious cauſe which we connected own ;
" Tho' deaf unto our ſuit ſhe ſhut her ears,
" Alike regardleſs of our oaths and tears,
" Yet let us not deſpair—there ſtill remains,
" A dawn of hope to compenſate our pains ;
" A dawn of hope our drooping ſouls to bleſs,
" The previous prelude to aſſur'd ſucceſs.
" Mean while, rejecting every idle fear,
" I hold it fit we inſtantly repair
" To PLUTO's court ; his council may retrieve,
" The late defeat we all ſo ſorely grieve ;
" The gloomy monarch will our cauſe confeſs,
" Abate our loſs, or crown us with ſucceſs ;

" Him will we ſeek; MYSELF will be your guide,
" Sure on a mother's care you will confide!
" A tender mother whoſe indulgent love,
" Nor time can change, nor adverſe fate can move."

As when *Ulyſſes* by the *Greeks* inclos'd,
Troy's fam'd *palladium* to their ſight expos'd,
Applauding ſhouts thro' all the army ran,
And every warrior ſeem'd as more than man,
So leagu'd together in the common cauſe,
Th' aſſembled mob loud bellow their applauſe;
Doubtful no more, each eye in pleaſure rolls
And inſtant frenzy ſmites their raviſh'd ſouls.

Now Noiſe and Nonſenſe reaſum'd their reign,
Loud as the billows of th' *Ægean* main;
Intoxicating madneſs ſeiz'd each ſenſe,
Rul'd the whole mind and drove Reflection thence;
Whilſt wild Inſanity the heart poſſeſt,
Reign'd in each eye, and triumph'd in each breaſt.

Prim Decency aſtoniſh'd left her ſeat,
And jealous Order ſounded a retreat;

Wiſdom

Wiſdom with quick but prudent caution fled,
And ſweetly bluſhing veil'd her radiant head:
Whilſt gentle Folly drunk with ſo much *fun*,
Reel'd, clap'd her hands and hicup'd—"*bravely done!*"

Full in the center of this earthly globe,
Where endleſs Night puts on her darkeſt robe,
Great PLUTO's throne is fix'd. On either ſide
In liquid fire hell rolls her burning tide.
Here flaming cataracts impetuous roar,
And waves of ſulphur laſh th' infernal ſhore.
Here tempeſts howl, and pois'nous vapours ſpread,
And ſubtile lightnings blaſt the guilty head.

Amidſt ſulphureous ſmoke here PLUTO ſtood,
Fed the hot fires, and rous'd the burning flood.
His royal front a golden fillet bound,
His glowing eyes tyrannic fierceneſs crown'd,
A fiery zone encircled round his waſte,
And a COW'S-HIDE his brawny ſhoulders grac'd.

Around his throne ſubmiſſive to his will,
Spectres unnumber'd his beheſts fulfill.

All in their place their daily taſk perform,
New point the lightning, or aſſiſt the ſtorm,
On peſtilential exhalations ride,
Or on the rapid whirlwind ſit aſtride.
Elſe 'midſt the ſurf of the *tartarian* wave,
Plunge from the beech and ſeek a fiery grave.

Borne on unwholeſome fogs which ne'er diſpenſe,
The ſmalleſt fragrance to regale the ſenſe;
Whoſe ſuffocating pow'r awakes deſpair,
Combats with life, and taints the ambient air.
Loud thro' the thick and murky gloom of hell,
Madneſs and Rage in ſavage diſcord yell;
Here Grief and Sickneſs howl by pain oppreſt,
And Deſperation beats her frantic breaſt.

Dropping with blood and cover'd o'er with wounds,
Here hot Revenge her murd'rous trumpet ſounds,
Ambition here, her right-arm ſteep'd in gore,
Giddy with ſtate, falls headlong from her tow'r.
Here Av'rice gnaws his fleſh, with care grown old,
Starts at a ſtraw and trembles o'er his gold.

Here

Here Hate, Remorſe; here Luſt and Rapine ſit;
And Treaſon for herſelf prepares a pit.
Whilſt Death, grim tyrant of the human heart,
Whets his ſharp ſcythe and ſhakes his pointed dart.

Such was the place, yet Prudence ſtrove in vain
Their rage to conquer, and their warmth reſtrain;
Deſpair (who whilſt the tim'rous mind ſhe rules,
Courage to cowards gives and wit to fools.)
Baniſh'd all fear, and ſteel'd each wav'ring mind,
Whilſt Reaſon trembling loiter'd far behind.

Midſt an extended plain, where not the eye,
To right or left its limits could deſcry;
Where no cool grot on either ſide appear'd,
Nor ſtately oak its ſpreading branches rear'd.
No gentle ſtream ran murmuring thro' the brake,
Whoſe limpid ſtores the parching thirſt might ſlake:
Where no blithe linnet warbled from the ſpray,
Cheriſh'd the heart, and harmoniz'd the day.

Here PARTY led her ſons, her ſtandard rear'd,
And in old *Br—k—e*'s whither'd form appear'd.

Burden'd

Burden'd with age the cunning goddeſs bow'd,
And claim'd the notice of the wond'ring croud;
On her their eyes attentively were turn'd,
They ſaw the man whom mighty Meanneſs mourn'd,
The wretch whom ſenſe, whom manhood view'd with mirth,
As poor and vile as when he crawl'd on earth.

Now all extended o'er the duſky plain,
The cavalcade diſplaid its lengthen'd train:
The old, the young, the rich and poor advanc'd,
And in each eye a gloomy pleaſure danc'd;
Fair to the front, immoveable as fate,
Hell's manſion ſtood, and here her brazen gate
Star'd proudly open; whilſt that phantom CARE
Pour'd forth her ſtench and poiſon'd all the air.

Before the gate in horrible parade,
Grim Cerberus his triple head diſplay'd;
Whilſt as his guard the ruthleſs monſter kept,
Virtue expir'd and Reſolution wept.
Here ſable Night her dull dominion held;
And hid the plain beneath her ample ſhield;

Nature

Nature her pow'rful influence confeſt,
And Superſtition trembling croſs'd her breaſt,
Plac'd in due form by ORDER's ſteady hand
Prone to the path which ſtrict Decorum plan'd,
(Which ſtrict Decorum plan'd when thro' the blood,
The novel ſcene had quell'd hot paſſion's flood:)
The croud mov'd on, with conſcious hope bedight,
Whilſt gloomy *Dis* ſmil'd thro' the veil of night;
PARTY, their way with deadly hemlock ſtrew'd,
And Vice, on eagle's wings, their ſtrength review'd;
Whilſt Cerberus retreated from the door,
And dumb with pleaſure, ſtay'd his dreadful roar.
Enwrapt in hell's impenetrable ſhade,
Hypocricy the ſable vanguard led;
Her, twelve divines, proud, ſplenetic and baſe,
Doom'd to diſhonour what they meant to grace;
In ſlow proceſſion follow'd:—Nor could Pride,
Tho' earth and hell ſhe ſearch'd on every ſide,
From her unnumber'd hoſts their equals cull,
So very vain, and yet ſo very dull!

First of the ſacred train great *C—mp—n* came,
Whoſe conſcious cheek ne'er felt the bluſh of ſhame;
Vain without merit, without learning loud,
Proud of his meanneſs, and yet meanly proud:
Hell's maſſy gates flew wide to let him in,
And her great lord aſſum'd a gracious grin.

Next *C—ſb—d* came, to faith and honour blind,
Black was his gown, but blacker ſtill his mind.
Firm in his ſoul at large and unreſtrain'd,
Ingratitude her darling ſway maintain'd:
Ingratitude than whom, not Vice could ſhew
A fiend ſo monſtrous in the realms of woe;
PLUTO aſtoniſh'd heard the caitiff's name,
And hell (than him more virtuous) bluſh'd with ſhame.

Cloſe in ſucceſſion *G—dd—d* join'd the band,
A rod of iron grac'd the tyrant's hand:
Beneath his foot an *olive-branch* was plac'd,
Type of that doctrine which his life diſgrac'd.
A ſhameleſs life, where perſecution fought,
Againſt that meekneſs which his Saviour taught,—

With

With eager haſte he reach'd the brazen gate,
Hell felt his foot and trembled at his weight;
To ſee ſuperior vice each imp grew pale,
Roll'd his fierce eyes, and ſullenly cried "*hail!*"

Prop'd on ideal merit's ſpecious claim,
Which braggart dunces oft miſtake for fame;
Next *T—k—r* came; but inſtant at the ſight,
Hell ſhrunk amaz'd and wrapt herſelf in night!

R—bb—ns' a gender of the *doubtful* kind,
A ſomething, nothing, not to be defin'd;
With vacant face, came next; and vacant head,
Empty as air, yet ponderous as lead:
'Twould puzzle worlds *its* ſex to aſcertain;
So very harmleſs, yet ſo very vain,
That ſober Judgment ſwore, at *its* firſt birth,
Ingenious Nature in exceſs of mirth,
Moulding all matter to her ſov'reign will,
Had form'd *the thing* to manifeſt her ſkill.
Soon as *it* journ'ying reach'd th' infernal ſhade,
Gehenna's troops the phantom wretch ſurvey'd,

With wild uproar each crack'd the ſcurvy jeſt,
And cried— "*Protect us all!—Is that a* PRIEST?"
Earth laugh'd aloud, Hell eccho'd back the din,
Op'd her wide jaws, and let the *nothing* in.
Next *B—rj—w*, *D-v-y*, *S-y-r* and *D-b-t*,
With *N-w* the meagre came, and *B—r-y* fat:
And *flag'ring on* as void of ſhame as fear,
The *ſober R-y—ds* clos'd the prieſtly rear.

END of the FIRST *CANTO*.

THE CONSULTATION.

CANTO SECOND.

O For a portion of that heav'nly fire,
Which wrapt the ſoul, when *Churchill* ſwept the lyre!
What time his numbers bar'd each culprit head,
And to their holes the ſneaking ſcoundrels fled.
O for a muſe like his, pale Vice to trace,
And damn each little Villain to diſgrace!
Be TRUTH my guide whilſt I my theme purſue,
By *her* acquitted; GOD acquits me too.
Faſt to the ſable line, ſworn foe to ſenſe,
Unmatch'd in folly as in impudence,
Old *B—r* came: Beſide, nor think it ill,
The loving, lovely, ſimp'ring minx, *Miſs S—ll.*

One palſied hand an infant's rattle grac'd,
His hackney'd w—e the other arm embrac'd:
Love's dying fires rekindling in his eyes,
By turns he dances, fidgets, ſtarts and ſighs.—
Peace thou old goat! nor impotently ſtrive
To keep thy monſt'rous lechery alive.

The next a figure, flimſy, poor and lame,
At once his father's glory and his ſhame;
A Cub, who from the moment of his birth,
Wiſdom with ſcorn beheld, and Taſte with mirth.
Proud of thoſe poor, poor talents Nature gave,
E're Education ſtamp'd her as a ſlave.
He chatters on and proves himſelf at once,
A pedant coxcomb, and a learned dunce.
Tranſported, Vice her fav'rite ſon ſurvey'd,
And in her *Billy* ſaw a ſecond *S—de!*

Cloſe to this laſt, weigh'd down with innate dread,
Which Conſcience pours upon the guilty head,
A Caitiff came, than whom not Hell could trace,
One ſo abandon'd, or ſo loſt to grace.

Virtue

Virtue to work his reformation fail'd,
And on his brow almighty Vice prevail'd;
With her cloſe leagu'd all honour he defied,
And at God's holy altar dar'd deride!—
Was there a ſnare for Beauty to be laid?
A fond, an eaſy friend to be betray'd?
An Orphan, one whoſe inauſpicious fate
Expos'd him to the world's remorſleſs hate?
A helpleſs widow bending down with years
Her ſcanty pittance moiſt'ned with her tears!
Were theſe to ſuffer? Lo in ſavage haſte,
Arm'd with the cruel rancour of a *prieſt*
With blood-ſhot eyes, pale cheek and talons bare,
Behold him for the ſavage feaſt prepare!
Nor could his malice taſte a moment's reſt
'Till Virtue ſunk by powr'ful Vice oppreſt.

With wonder ſeiz'd, great PLUTO ſtood *a-ghaſt*,
To ſee himſelf in wickedneſs ſurpaſs'd!
Amaz'd he aſk'd, if ought his name could tell,
And "*F——d! F——d!*" eccho'd loud thro' *Hell*.

To

To Meanneſs, Dirt and Infamy allied,
Begot by Beggary and nurs'd by Pride;
Where Inſolence her haughty ſway maintains,
And Arrogance ſupplies the lack of brains,
Lo *V—gh-n* appear'd, in *Cunning's* garb array'd,
One nimble hand two loaded dice diſplay'd;
An empty purſe his other hand pervades,
And from his pocket peep'd the *knave of ſpades.*

Long in his heart where hoſtile Paſſion rag'd,
Folly and Vice unnatural combat wag'd;
But now, thrice happy he!—joint partners grown,
Each occupies alike the ſable throne;
Nor can ſage Judgment tell which moſt prevails,
Or Vice or Folly oft'ner lifts the ſcales.

Next deckt in all the dignity of wig,
Came the almighty ſelf-important *R-gge,*
R-gge whom dame Nature gravely bade diſpenſe,
Wonder to fools, and mirth to common ſenſe;
For who like *R-gge* life's varied ſcenes can fill?
(The peerleſs counterpart of *proteus Hill*)

Who

Who can like *R-gge* the prince of verſe and proſe
Compoſe, compile, tranſlate and then tranſpoſe?
Who can like him at once unrival'd ſhine
Phyſician, Stateſman, Critic and Divine?
The ſhuttlecock of whim, of wit the gall,
And every thing, yet excellent in all!

Spite of thoſe gifts which Education brings,
Where pregnant Science ſhakes her roſy wings.
Spite of thoſe gifts by bounteous heav'n deſign'd,
To purge the manners, and enlarge the mind:
See *R-gge* on Envy's baſis trembling ſtand,
Rage in his eyes and ſcorpions in his hand,
Pouring his bile round Genius' ſacred throne,
And deaf to others worth, reſound his own.

Is there that man on earth condemn'd to dwell,
Whoſe daring ſoul would lead him to *excell?*
Is there whom fertile Genius deigns to crown,
And foſt'ring Millions beckon to renown?
Swift from his thorny bed, lo *R-gge* ſhall ſtart,
Redoubled Malice gnawing at his heart;

Shall on his efforts caſt a deadly foam,
And pluck him down from Fame's aſpiring dome:
Then ſhall he find as from the ſhaft of Death,
So none is free from Envy's pois'nous breath.
E'en ME the humbleſt whom the muſe inſpir'd,
Whom never Fortune bleſs'd nor Science fir'd;
E'en ME alas! ſhould Fate and Candour give,
Fond pleaſing thought!—to bid my numbers live,
Live when by riper times transforming pow'r,
Envy and rage, and *R-gge* ſhall be no more:
E'en ME his hate relentleſs would purſue,
And ſhade my laurel with the baneful yew;
Bidding the chaplet which ſhould deck my buſt,
Inglorious rot and mingle with the duſt!

Go rouſe the angry whirlwind from its bed,
And to the diſtant lightning bare thy head:
Snatch from the jealous hand of pow'r its rod,
Libel thy ſov'reign and blaſpheme thy God.
Yet may'ſt thou chance thy ſovereign's wrath to ſcape,
Thy God will pardon, Pow'rs quick eye will ſleep.

Yet

Yet may'ſt thou ſafe the tempeſt's rage endure,
And through the burning lightning paſs ſecure,
But not from Envy her unbounded rage,
No pray'r can ſoothe, no time can e'er aſſuage,
Following the ſpite of Hell upon his face,
Came the *Lycaon* of an impious age,
Tremendous *W—l*, he whoſe recreant name, Warn'd
Inglorious ſtinks in the black liſt of ſhame—
Ere youth's ſoft down had cloath'd his beardleſs cheek,
Ere yet he could with proper cadence ſpeak;
Or ere his limbs to manhood's mould were grown,
Vice, potent Vice confirm'd him for her own!
So fix'd and bound him in her pleaſing chain,
(For Vice alas! but ſeldom pleads in vain)
That from her empire durſt he never ſtray,
From the firſt moment, to the preſent day.
With all that Pride which ſpringing from the earth,
Too oft uſurps the place of real worth,
" With all that Cunning which in fools ſupplies
By low Conceit the want of being wiſe;"—

With that Diſſimulation which e're born,
With generous hate the brave and open ſcorn;
With that Diſhoneſty which born of art,
Debaſes manhood, and corrupts the heart,
W—l unrival'd ſtands and ſhall receive,
Unrival'd praiſe tho' *Keene* and *Foy* yet live.

Sprung from a ſtock whoſe children juſtly claim,
Far nearer kin to Folly than to Fame;
Next *H—bh—e*, rank'd, the ſoul of CONSEQUENCE,
The blot of manhood and the ſcourge of ſenſe!—
Where Reaſon's arguments are miſapplied;
Where Judgment's voice perverted yields to pride;
Where pliant Conſcience wiſely ſtands aloof;
And dogmatiſm takes the lead of PROOF:
H—bh—e unmatch'd may plead nor in the ſcale,
Shall e'en a DUNNING's excellence prevail.

In that bleſs'd court where *Senſe* and ELTON ſit,
Where noiſe is argument and laughter wit;
Where Dulneſs—gentle Goddeſs!—ſprung from kings,
On ſleepy jurors ſhakes her opiate wings;

Where

Where deep in bawdry's page the lawyer dips
Whilſt his *ſage* worſhip licks his liq'riſh lips;
Where Folly, Oaths and Ignorance unite,
To change the white to black, the black to white.
Oft have I *H—bh—e* notic'd thee with pain,
Thyſelf the vaineſt e'en amongſt the vain;
Oft have I heard thee (whilſt by Juſtice bred
Contempt provok'd flew hiſſing round thy head)
Heard thee in one unvaried ſtretch of throat,
(Nor could e'en Diſcord ſcream ſo vile a note)
Heard thee proceed whilſt laughter ſhook the houſe,
To find thy MOUNTAIN, but produce a *mouſe!*
Yet muſt mankind, (a proof deriv'd from hence,
How greatly Folly triumphs over Senſe,)
Yet muſt mankind—e'en in deſpight of truth,
Baptize the *thing*—a COUNSELLOR forſooth!

With age grown white, with iniquity black,
Sin like a mountain dragging at his back;
His body's ſtrength ſcarce able to ſuſtain
Its load of life, and thro' each trembling vein,

The blood ſcarce ebbing, next lo *H—rſ—n* came,
Damn'd to the rack of everlaſting ſhame !—
For all thoſe follies pregnant Vice can find,
Which weaken manhood and debaſe the mind;
For all thoſe errors Folly terms her own,
When godlike Reaſon quits her mental throne;
For all thoſe vices which throughout the whole,
Mark a confirm'd depravity of ſoul,
Not earth, nor hell, old *H—rſ—n*'s peer can trace
So very ſenſeleſs and ſo very baſe.

For Virtue's precepts to prepare a rod,
Deny his creed, and reprobate his God;
To rouſe Decorum from her couch ſerene,
And on his knees to drink the toaſt obſcene;
To ſpurn at reaſon as a vain pretence;
To cenſure Truth and make a mock of Senſe.
H—rſ—n unequal'd ſtand on life's poor ſtage,
The bluſhleſs pattern of an impious age.

As when ſome *Scotch addreſſers*, poor, unknown,
In fulſome ſort beſiege great GEORGE's throne;

He, gracious monarch! Blind unto their wiles,
Extends his hand and ſpreads around his ſmiles;
So on old *H-rſ-n* Pluto fondly gaz'd,
Admir'd his pregnant parts, and ſtood amaz'd!
Whilſt Hell rejoicing rang from ſhore to ſhore,
Such loud rejoicings! — *C—mp—n* ſcarce had more.
Next *H—wk—s* came: but Pluto with a look,
Which Earth and Chaos to their center ſhook;
Bade him be gone!—For hell no room could find
For ſuch, whom not the *pow'r of oaths* could bind;
For ſuch her hotteſt fires by Rancour blown,
Were banks of amaranth and beds of down.
H—wk—s obey'd, reluctantly and ſlow,
For ah! He hop'd e'en *there* relief to know;
Since every hour by tyrant Conſcience preſt,
Ten thouſand hells ſeem'd lab'ring in his breaſt.
Fam'd for that Prudence which by Intereſt taught,
Would ſell the world's ſalvation for a groat;
(That Prudence which to Cunning ſtands allied,
Virtue's Contempt, and Folly's darling Pride:

That

That Cunning which without the ſhew of art,
Stings as it goes, and feſters in the heart.)
Next came *old Michael*, damn'd above his race,
With an unfeeling heart and bluſhleſs face:
Who knows not *Michael*, who with ſpecious view
Would cheat e'en wary *Charon* of his due?
Who knows not *Michael*, who on Trechery's wings,
Smiles as he wounds, and tickles as he ſtings?
Is there a man ſo bleſs'd?—Till Time's laſt date,
Prais'd be his name, and envy'd be his Fate.

Led by Diſorder's rude unpoliſh'd hand,
A lawleſs mob next join'd the *ſapient* band;
Whom Vice by every juſt pretenſion claims,
Their characters as various as their names.—
Firſt *Buſh* drove on as tho' purſu'd by *Death*,
Strove for the goal, fatigu'd and out of breath;
His greedy hand out-ſtretch'd he open held,
And his fore-boding brow pale Av'rice ſeal'd.
Him follow'd *Foy*; but *Foy*—O Grief to tell!—
Prone in a ſea of ſcalding OIL he fell!

Next

Next Impudence and Ign'rance ſhew'd their head;
This, *Jenkins* guided, and *that*, *Matthews* led.
Whilſt *Daubenny* the mighty,—" *nothing looth*,"
Wielded his grey gooſe quill and follow'd BOTH.

Laſt of the lengthen'd line by Friendſhip plan'd,
Miller and *Moody** pac'd it hand in hand.
Immortal pair! Whoſe unfledg'd muſe could ſoar
To heights which *Sternhold* only, reach'd before.
Sternhold, the loftieſt bard on *Albion*'s plain,
Till matchleſs *Moody* tun'd the *poliſh'd* ſtrain;
Moody whoſe meaning far exceeds that ſource,
" *Whence Common-ſenſe directs her ſteady courſe.*"

In lordly ſtate the peerleſs friends advanc'd,
Whilſt gentle Folly round them nimbly danc'd,
Dullneſs their mighty mother march'd before;
And Inſignificance their banner bore;
Whilſt Self-Conceit, the goddeſs whom they prize,
Laugh'd in their hearts and triumph'd in their eyes.

PLUTO,

* To the united labours of this literary conjunction the public is indebted for the (firſt) *Catalogue of Paintings*; *Liſt of wild Beaſts*, and other pieces equally *excellent* publiſhed during the late Election.—It is preſumed, that the extreme obſcurity of theſe characters will be deemed a ſufficient apology for this note.

PLUTO, (attend ye monarchs of the earth,
And learn the juſt reſpect you owe to *worth*)
PLUTO, who weigh'd their merits with regard,
And portion'd out for each his due reward;
Chang'd them to ASSES,—ſince which, day by day,
Thro' Hell's dark caves the brother dunces bray.
Thus all arriv'd where reſtleſs PARTY led,
In the thick gloom of the infernal ſhade,
"PLUTO ALL HAIL!"—The ſable mortals cried,
"PLUTO ALL HAIL!" The lofty roof replied;
Then, 'midſt the millions gratulating roar,
Hell clos'd her jaws and bar'd her brazen door.

END of the SECOND *CANTO.*

THE CONSULTATION.

CANTO THIRD.

AWhile from thoſe pure joys by Virtue giv'n,
Which ſoften Man, and lift the ſoul to heav'n;
Which teach th' unfetter'd mind aright to know,
The real tranſports that from Friendſhip flow;
Which reſcue Truth from Bigotry's dull ſhrine,
And ſtamp the heart with qualities divine,
BURGUM attend! Whilſt I with honeſt rage
Hunt rank Hypocriſy thro' Hell's black ſtage,
Strip the falſe maſk from Irreligion's face,
And make Deceit her own reſemblance trace.
Form'd on all ſides round PLUTO's iron throne,
The ſenſeleſs rabble deem'd the day their own;

On their vaſt numbers vauntingly relied,
The aid of Riches and the pow'r of Pride.
But ah unthinking, fooliſh mortals!—Say
What, what, are worlds when Virtue bars the way?
Now argument began, debates ran high,
Of who ſhould firſt harangue and who reply:
Some call'd for *R-gge*, but *R-gge*, conceited elf,
'Twas fear'd would only ſpeak about—*himſelf*.
For *El—n* ſome, but Prudence lur'd them thence,
Since it required, not only *noiſe* but SENSE:
For *D—b—y* ſome call'd, but Pride bare rule,
And whiſper'd in his ear—"BOY *go to* SCHOOL!"
At length (whilſt Hell with acclamations rung,
And e'en applauſes dropt from PLUTO's tongue)
C—pl—n approach'd, all oppoſition fled,
Spite bit her nails and Dullneſs ſcratch'd her head.
Rais'd 'bove the croud, he ſeem'd as more than man,
Thrice wip'd his noſe,—cried "*hem!*"—and thus began.
"O THOU, the object of my every ſcheme!
"On whom by day I think, by night I dream;

"Thou

" Thou firſt great principle, thou latent cauſe,
" For whoſe dear ſake alone I ſeek applauſe.
" What tho' in Virtue's praiſe I ſometimes brawl,
" ME, who thank Hell! No Virtue have at all?
" What tho' I give Credulity thoſe rules,
" Which the deluded hearers ſtamp as fools?
" Rules, which from love and chriſtian meekneſs flow,
' Fit for the *laity* alone to know.—
" What tho' ſometimes I rave with paſſion hot,
" Of moral goodneſs and—*the Lord knows what.*
" Of Faith, Humility, and Temp'rate Zeal,
" Which I ne'er felt myſelf, nor wiſh'd to feel?
" In ALL thy honour, mighty Prince, I ſought
" Thou, the firſt ſpring and motive of my thought,
" For thee I've wielded Perſecution's rod,
" For thee, like *Judas*, have I ſold my God:
" For thee, with foul Hypocriſy I've join'd,
" The ſpecious partner of a hell-born mind.
" For thee, I've ſentenc'd Virtue to diſgrace,
" And taught e'en Pride to wear a novel face;

" Within an *hoſpital*'s dank walls enſhrin'd,
" For thee my *Darling's Mother* I've confin'd;
" In ſpite of thoſe grey hairs which ſhould protect
" Her ſinking Age, and draw from brutes reſpect,
" I ſpurn'd her forth, revil'd her hoary head,
" And bade her eat in bitterneſs her bread.—
" Say then great Prince, immortal PLUTO ſay,
" So may thy empire never know decay;
" So may the ſpacious world thy pow'r confeſs,
" And countleſs millions to thy ſtandard preſs;
" Say 'midſt thoſe armies which compoſe thy train,
" The ſtrength, the pride, the glory of thy reign,
" In all thy vaſt dominion's ample round;
" Can one more faithful to thy ſtate be found?
" One whom Deceit has ſtamp'd of higher price,
" A firmer friend to bold ſubſtantial Vice?
" Nor think great Prince, ſuch gifts alone confin'd
" To the contracted limits of *my* mind;
" No, light as air which cuts the noon-tide beam,
" Vice flies abroad and reigns o'er ALL ſupreme.

" E'en

" E'en in the round of this unpoliſh'd crew,
" In glaring characters her pow'r I view:
" In every face I mark her wond'rous ſkill,
" And trace the paſſions bending to her will.
" On her broad wings they ſpend the laughing hours,
" And in THY ſervice ſtrain their little pow'rs.
" For thee, the praiſe was meant, the praiſe was giv'n,
" When *Bedbury* block'd up the road to heav'n;
" For thee with REASON, *T-mbs* held deſp'rate ſtrife,
" And to a *mad-houſe* drove his ſob'rer wife.
" In thee, lo *Sm-th* (an advocate by rule,
" For that low Cunning which conceals the fool)
" Clos'd the trite theme his dotage had begun,
" —That theme of every theme!—*his driv'ling ſon.*
" Stop'd in Deſcription's critical career,
" Whilſt mute Attention lent her willing ear;
" And dropt th' unfiniſh'd tale in quick amaze,
" To hail thy pow'r and laviſh forth thy praiſe.
" For thee lo *Collins* left his hackney'd ſtrains
" Of *ſylvan* Nymphs and *eke* of *love-ſick* ſwains,

" His

" His feeble *expletives* which *do* require,
" The wings of fancy and the poet's fire;
" No more his muſe takes her accuſtom'd rove,
" Thro' the *green* umbrage of the *yellow* grove;
" No more his numbers as they gently flow,
" Give *Zembla* fruits, and parched *India* ſnow:
" And ſkill'd in venal Intreſt's narrow rules,
" Give wit to thoſe whom Nature ſtampt as fools.
" But in thy ſervice now all wanton grown,
" His talents he devotes to thee alone;
" For thee he forc'd ſage *Judgment* to retreat,
" And pluck'd down *Reaſon* from her mental ſeat;
" For thee he leap'd o'er *Genius'* ſacred fence,
" Frighten'd poor *Taſte*, and knock'd down *Common ſenſe*.
" Still in thy cauſe (and ſay where could he find,
" A cauſe more worthy ſuch a *matchleſs* mind?)
" Still in thy cauſe the gentle *bard* ſhall tread,
" And Dulneſs wave her poppies o'er his head.
" Nor is thy praiſe (as praiſe oft is) confin'd,
" To the ſmall circle of the *humble* mind;

" Where

" Where ſottiſh tradeſmen tell their evening tale,
" And balance *Europe* o'er a *pint of Ale*,
" Retailing nonſenſe with a lib'ral hand,
" And curſing what they cannot underſtand.
" No! higher ranks unto thy Altar preſs,
" And ſober magiſtrates thy pow'r confeſs:
" For thee the prieſt his gravity lays down,
" Commences rake and terrifies the town.
" For thee, the lawyer anxious in thy praiſe,
" Twiſts ductile truth a thouſand various ways:
" For thee, the object of his eager aim,
" He martyrs Virtue at the ſhrine of Shame.
" Bids giant Vice reſume her monſtrous ſway,
" And ſtalk uncenſur'd in the blaze of day.
" For thee in hoary life's declining ſtage,
" (When Wiſdom's ſeal adds dignity to age;
" What time wild Paſſion's tumult is allay'd,
" The ſpeech begins to fail, the ſight to fade,
" When Prudence liſtens to the voice of truth,
" And views with ſhame the foibles of Youth)

" Lo

" Lo *Mulgrave*, reverſing this dull rule,
" Lays Wiſdom by, and ſtarts afreſh a fool!
" Small as his merits are, he reads them o'er,
" And wiſhes *them* ſtill *leſs*, his vices *more*:
" Conſcience he laughs at, and defies her chain,
" And plays the pranks of Childhood o'er again.
" Thus to their praiſe, with popular acclaim,
" Immortal prince ALL ranks reſound thy fame.
" Since then we ſtrive thy honour to increaſe,
" And to thy manſion bring the palm of peace;
" Since at thy foes our juſt diſdain is hurl'd,
" And Virtue begs barefooted thro' the world;
" Caſt forth by us who bent to Faſhion's claim,
" Scorn all connection with ſo *mean* a name.
" Say wilt thou leave thy ſervants in deſpair,
" Nor grant their ſuit, nor mitigate their care?
" Wilt thou behold then thus to grief a prey,
" Weep all the night, yet ſicken at the day?
" Wilt thou behold them with bewailing faint,
" Yet reſt regardleſs of their feeble plaint?

" Forbid

" Forbid it Hell! and Fate recording ſage,
" Mark, mark it not in thy extenſive page!
" Elſe what avails that my eccentric thought,
" Laugh'd at the very morals that I taught?
" Elſe what avails that I with borrow'd mein,
" Fill'd the ſtrong *out-lines* of the *comic* ſcene?
" With *ſapient* look perform'd a *tedious* part,
" And clouded Nature with the veil of ART?
" As well might I (and Pride avert ſuch *wars!*
" Which with undying hate my ſoul abhors)
" As well might I 'gainſt Sin's ſtrong pow'rs have fought,
" And like ROUQUET have *practic'd what I taught.*
" Attentive then great Monarch to our cry,
" Behold our ſuff'rings with a partial eye;
" Liſt to the cauſe which thus each boſom fires,
" And grant ſuch ſuccour as our caſe requires.
" O ſay, ſhall *B—kd—e* yet triumphant go,
" To give in ſimple ſort his *Aye* or *No?*
" Shall he again o'er ſtubborn *Whigs* prevail,
" And fill once more the *miniſterial* ſcale?

" Shall he again *Committee-rooms* explore,
" And *ſagely* prove that *two and two make four*;
" Whilſt with his *wondrous* talents aptly ſmit,
" Dulneſs his Mother calls his nonſenſe—*wit?*
" Shall he, whilſt Truth in doubtful ſtate remains,
" Publiſh to all the world his lack of brains;
" And whilſt poor Judgment trembles in ſuſpence,
" Give food to Wit and mirth to Common-ſenſe?—
" O did Aſſurance but extend its aid,
" To realize theſe ſcenes by Fancy made;
" Wouldſt THOU but deign our drooping hopes to bleſs,
" And crown our wiſhes with deſir'd ſucceſs.
" How would our tongues grow laviſh at thy name,
" And ſtrive who wideſt could extend thy fame!
" How would our hearts with ſudden rapture fir'd,
" Give thee more laud than Virtue e'er deſir'd!
" Whilſt taught by us, to times remoteſt days,
" Our infant brood ſhould prattle forth thy praiſe. —
" Deign then great prince to grant what we entreat,
" Behold us proſtrate at thy mighty feet.

" One

" One ſmile from thee could we the bleſſing ſhare,
" Might teach mankind that *Tories* are thy care,
" And give the world each proof it could require,
" That Hell grants Folly all ſhe can deſire.
" O then thou GREAT SUPREME! our wiſh requite,
" And let our ſuit find favour in thy ſight.
" So wilt thou grant (whilſt we thy name adore)
" The pray'r of thoſe who—*never pray'd before.*"

He ceas'd; and PARTY thro' profoundeſt hell,
Rous'd Acclamation's inſtantaneous yell.
Loud as the noiſe when hoſtile armies jar,
Sound to the charge and ruſh upon the war;
The hoarſe acclaim thro' the vaſt empire rung,
Spread like the ſea, and ſwell'd on every tongue.

Clear'd of thoſe clouds which late obſcur'd that brow,
Before whoſe frown the trembling myriads bow,
PLUTO majeſtic roſe devoid of guile,
And ſmooth'd his rugged front into a ſmile.
Around on every ſide his eyes he threw,
Whilſt Pleaſure fondly open'd to his view.

Paſſion upon his ſoul tumultuous preſt,
And thus th' advent'rous mortals he addreſs'd.

" If lingual pow'rs could change the law of Fate,
" And bid old Time renew Creation's date ;
" (Thoſe pow'rs which give to age the fire of youth,
" And bid rank Falſhood wear the garb of Truth ;
" Which reconcile e'en Oppoſition's claim,
" And prove that ſenſe and nonſenſe are the ſame)
" With *C—pl—n* ſay, what mortal dares conteſt ?
" Who can like him draw praiſe from Folly's breaſt ?
" Like him ſo well 'gainſt Reaſon's ſtate can plot,
" And prove—O ſtrange!—" *whatever is, is not*"?

" Oft I've borne witneſs to his paſſing worth,
" And trac'd the cauſe which gave each action birth
" Beheld his pride, his perſecuting zeal,
" Strain'd to the bias of my empire's weal.
" Have mark'd thro' life's long page each varied ſcene,
" A complication of the proud and mean.
" For which I've crown'd him 'midſt the Million's yell,
" *As firſt great Agent in the cauſe of Hell.*

" Nor

" Nor have I done as ſome obſervers do,
" Confin'd my notice to a choſen few;
" Leaving the reſt, as tho' thereby I meant,
" To ſeem regardleſs of their *good intent.*
" Ah think not ſo my ſons!—Correct that thought!
" Your Sire is not by partial maxims taught.
" On all alike his eyes inſtinctive turn,
" Smile when *you* ſmile, and when you ſorrow mourn.
" When *Wh-tl-y*—wild Inſanity his guide,
" Chain'd blooming Youth to hoary Winter's ſide,
" When all departing from ſage Reaſon's plan,
" And thoſe ſoft ties which conſtitute the man;
" To gratify his pride, or pleaſe his wife,
" To an old Letcher ſold his child for life.—
" When *T-nd-l* erſt, in true *politeneſs* bred,
" To *royalty* reſign'd his houſe and *bed.*—
" When *H—hs*, expert in every little aim,
" Which Sin could teach, or fertile Cunning name,
" Leagu'd with Ingratitude, invidious glow'd,
" And ſtab'd that friend to whom his ALL he ow'd—

" When

" When *B-rj-w*, big with Ignorance and Rhime,
" Groan'd for a muſe, and ſpawn'd before his time;
" Bade Vanity his awkward ſtrains diſpence,
" Then fondly view'd the traſh and call'd it *ſenſe!*---
" In the BLACK catalogue of monſt'rous crimes,
" Where *P-w-l's* name bids fair for future times;
" Where in her *negro* dreſs bold Vice appears,
" Nor one ſtray Virtue marks his rip'ned years.
" In all theſe ſcenes your loyalty I trace,
" Your zeal for Folly and your lack of Grace.
" When from their ſecret holes by Faction led,
" The *ſons of Rome* round Freedom's altar ſpread:
" When they—bleſs'd race!—The *good old cauſe* to ſerve,
" Stretch'd every pow'r and ſtrain'd each willing nerve.
" When BRIB'RY to exceſs, in black array'd,
" With laviſh hand her pond'rous bags diſplay'd;
" Pour'd from her hoard *Corruption's* rich ſupply,
" Which now, your point once loſt, you all *deny*.
" And which, o'ercome by Diſappointment's phlegm,
" You in the foe ſo prudently *condemn*.

" When

" When *Liberty* all wan expiring lay,
" Stab'd by *Compulſion* in the face of day.
" By *Styx* I ſwear—an oath ſo *wond'rous* great,
" That ſcarcely *H—w—s* dares it violate!
" By *Styx* I ſwear—and oh! your Sire believe,—
" Ne'er did my ſoul ſincerer joy conceive;
" Ne'er was my warmeſt wiſh more amply crown'd,
" Nor Pleaſure ſwifter danc'd her frantic round.
" Not Earth, nor Hell, nor Heav'n itſelf could ſhed,
" Superior bliſs on PLUTO's royal head.
" O could my pow'r aſſiſt your worthy aim,
" And place your *fav'rite* in the road of Fame.
" Could I with glad ſucceſs your efforts crown,
" And miniſter once more to your renown,
" Swift from my ample realms, led on by Pride,
" Hell's numerous hoſts I'd marſhal on your ſide;
" Thro' Nature's works I'd bid Deſtruction rage,
" And all the jarring elements engage.
" In Terror's pomp would I your cauſe maintain,
" And ſweep at once whole cities to the plain.

" But

" But ah my ſons! full vain ſuch force would prove,
" And vain, ſo great an inſtance of my love;
" Since round our foes, with eyes unknown to Sleep,
" VIRTUE and TRUTH perpetual watchguard keep:—
" While *they* remain the guardians of their cauſe,
" The jealous advocates of *Britain*'s laws:
" Whilſt PEACH the friend of BOTH, on Freedom's baſe
" Binds Slav'ry with the ſhackles of Diſgrace:
" Whilſt CHAMPION lives, whilſt HARFORD yet ſurvives,
" And WALLIS 'gainſt Corruption's torrent ſtrives:
" Whilſt NOBLE's manly ſoul pale Vice diſdains,
" Whilſt LEDIARD's active zeal their cauſe maintains,
" Whilſt MULLET to the gazing croud ſtands forth,
" The *ſcourge of Folly* and the friend of worth:
" In vain 'gainſt foes like theſe may ENVY ſwell,
" *Vain is her rage, and vain the ſpite of* HELL!"

F I N I S.

ERRATA.

P. 6. L. 1. for *downy* read *downy*.——P. 25. L. 6. for *age* read *race*.——P. 28. L. 17. for *ſtand* read *ſtands*.——P. 31. L. 3. for *looth* read *loth*.——P. 40. L. 17. for *then* read *them*.